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TRIUMPH
OF
PEACE

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THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE:

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1899.

OTHER POEMS.

"What! not receive my simple flower?"
BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY D. FANSHAW, 148 NASSAU-STREET.

1840.

TO

MY FATHER

THIS HUMBLE EFFORT

IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

In consigning the present collection to the public, it may be proper to say something of it, by way of preface. The leading poem was pronounced at the late Commencement at Dickinson College; and as the time for its delivery was limited, the author could not give his subject the extended consideration which, under other circumstances, it would have obtained. The unanimous wish of his classmates, which was expressed to him before parting, has induced him to publish it, with the addition of several other pieces, most of which he has selected from the magazines in which they originally appeared.

He can say nothing which would tend to shield a line he has written from criticism, and asks for his little volume nothing more than *generous* criticism always extends to a young writer—the kindness to point out the

faults which he may in future correct. He is well aware that many of these exist in the present collection, and some which his own judgment might, upon a more careful revision, suggest.

With these feelings he lays his humble offering upon the altar of his country's literature, as the first fruits of his boyhood's devotion to the enchantment of song.

New-York, January, 1840.

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THE

TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

I.

THOUGH bards of eld and modern times,
Warm'd with poetic fire,
Have strung the chords, and swept the strings,
Of many a "living lyre,"
The invocations of their songs
Have waken'd into life
Malignant fiends that flit around
The deadly battle-strife;
And the deep, thrilling notes they sung
Along the bristling ranks of war have rung.

II.

If I may breathe an humble note
Amid that noble throng,
The stirring praise of murd'rous war
Shall not inflame my song:
I'll sing the softer strains of Peace,
The fav'rite child of Love,
Whose smiles irradiate the fields
Of endless bliss above:
And O! do "Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!"

III.

When God's creative power hung o'er the deep
Of chaos, waking systems from their sleep;
When from confusion perfect order sprang,
And heaven's high dome with joyful shouting rang,
Music spread o'er the universe its stream,
Soft as the fancies of a cherub's dream.

Around the bowers of happiness it hung,
And through the clustering constellations sung;
And as its swelling volume did increase
The song it sang was the sweet song of peace.

IV.

In Eden's grove, upon the perfumed air,
It whisper'd love to the primeval pair;
Moved 'mid the boughs of amaranthine trees,
And softly mingled with each passing breeze:
The setting sun shed splendour on its reign,
And, rising, joy'd to hail its smile again.
No sight of pain disturb'd this lovely scene,
Where all was calm, and happy, and serene;
And as man trod amid its opening flowers,
Bliss added wings to swiftly passing hours.

V.

Yet 'twas too good, too bright a sight to see,
The peaceful reign of blest felicity!

The fiend who sow'd the fruitful seeds of strife
O'er the fair fields of everlasting life,
Stole with a traitor-step to Eden's bowers,
And breathed a siroc o'er its blooming flowers;
Robb'd our first parents of their heaven-born rest,
And planted torturing passions in their breast:
Man, the degraded, wretched, sinful, trod
The earth that bore the blasting curse of God.

VI.

The dark and fathomless abyss of hell
Sent from its dismal dungeon-depths a yell
With most intense and phrensied torment rife,
When, with his thirsty and accursed knife,
The primal murderer o'er his victim stood,
And bathed his weapon in his brother's blood:

The stained earth sent up to heaven a cry,
And the sun's blushing darken'd all the sky;
The pit sent forth a desolating breath
To mark the spot which crown'd the monarch Death.

VII.

And from that hour of crime, by Heaven abhorr'd,
Man with his fellow-man has ever warr'd.
Terrific Discord o'er his couch has stood,
And Slaughter slaked his burning thirst with blood;
Malignant Envy, of foul hell the spawn,
Has waked his slumbers long before the dawn,
And unrelenting Hate, from shore to shore,
Has made the earth to blush with human gore:
The cloud of war has shrouded the sun's light,
And baleful watch-fires broke the gloom of night.

VIII.

Go, for a moment, to that humble cot,
And see the loneness of the widow's lot;
List to the grief that speaks in that deep sigh,
And read despondence in her lightless eye.
What sorrow gave her that dejected air?
What on her troubled brow has stamp'd despair?
Why does her blanch'd lip tremble with a sigh?
What quench'd the star-like radiance of her eye?
What withering breath, cold as the chilly tomb,
Has spoil'd the roses of her cheek's rich bloom?

IX.

What cruel power can, from the holy shrine
Of love parental, all that there entwine
Around a mother's strong affection, tear,
And leave the desolation of despair?

O! who that marks the fond idolatry,
Which speaks in ardent accents from the eye
Of youthful beauty, when all nature seems
As fair and lovely as her own bright dreams,
Could one sad pang to that fond soul impart,
Or shade the sunshine of her happy heart?

X.

Yet War, the demon of pestiferous breath,
Leads to the carnage his fiend-brother, Death:
They sweep from mirthful hall and cheerful bower,
Of manhood's strength the prime, of youth the flower;
Tear the fond husband from his lovely bride,
And all youth's glowing hopes of life deride.
They make the mother's every breath a sigh,
And wring the scalding tear-drops from the eye
Of the lorn orphan,—*all* that man holds good
Is swept from earth by battle's crimson flood.

XI.

Go to the field! see fierceness of despair
From the strain'd eyes of dying wretches glare!
What racking recollections of his home
And widow'd mother to that young heart come!
How many a brilliant hope and glorious dream
Is drown'd in the outgushing of life's stream!
How many a groan, unutterably deep,
Woos the crush'd heart to its unbroken sleep!
The foul bird battens on the fallen form
Whose spirit fattens the undying worm.

XII.

O! Mercy weeps to view the battle field
Where all that 's noble in man's breast must yield,
While, in their phrensy, passions black and foul
As those which from a devil's features scowl,

Reign uncontroll'd, and the loud voice of hell
Io triumphe! shouts amid the swell
Of martial notes; and in the armor's sheen
And cannon's blazing the reflection's seen
Of that unbounded lake of quenchless fire
Which lights for damned souls their funeral pyre!

XIII.

Softly along Judea's moonlit plains
Arose a chorus of celestial strains;
Angelic instrument and cherub tongue
That tender air of heaven-born music sung,
As warmly trembled from each seraph's string,
"Fear not! for tidings of great joy we bring!"
'Twas but the echo of the notes which rise
And swell to anthems in the upper skies;—
"Glory to God!" breathed on each passing breeze,
"Good will on earth to men, to nations peace!"

XIV.

And has that music ceased? or does it still
Sigh through the vale, and echo from the hill?
Beneath th' effulgent light *me* do not stand,
Nor catch the strains of the celestial band;
But from the lips of holy seers of old,
Inspired by Heaven, this truth has been foretold,—
That in the ages there will come a day
When Love shall shed its soft and gentle ray
Athwart earth's darkness, and the perfumed breeze
Shall whisper with the melody of peace.

XV.

Then separation shall no more impart
Its pang of anguish to the mother's heart;
The closet shall no longer hear her plain
O'er hope deferr'd, and cherish'd offspring slain.
The tears that, trickling down the orphan's cheek,
The eloquence of sad bereavement speak,

Shall ne'er again be seen, nor youthful love
The wreck of fond anticipations prove:
Affections sweet as life and strong as death
Shall never feel War's desolating breath.

XVI.

Envy shall die! and Slander's bitter sting
No longer from the heart its life-blood wring;
And man shall cease to curse, his happiness
Be not in angry raving, but—to bless!
He shall not hear of warfare and the strife
That darkens every hour of human life.
The infant, timid as the fearful fawn,
Meek as the early breaking of the dawn,
Shall with the high, the great, the aged meet,
And, bowing, worship at the Saviour's feet.

XVII.

Then shall the trumpet kindle war no more,
Nor its harsh accents jar from shore to shore;
The cannon's thunder and the watch-fire's light
Shall not disturb the holy hour of night.

The warrior's fierceness, and the proud
steed's tramp,
The oath profane, the revel of the camp,
The untold agony, the parting sigh,
The dying groan of those unfit to die,
Shall cease with strife, and baleful war no
more
Write on the earth its curse in human gore.

XVIII.

Then shall the desert's depth send up a voice,
And valleys shout, and mountain-tops rejoice;
The earth shall put her bridal vesture on
To meet her bridegroom, and the glorious
sun
Ne'er see a giant-cloud stride o'er his way
To dim the brightness of his splendid ray:
PEACE in her purest robes shall come from
heaven,
And all her blessings to our race be given;
Her unstain'd banner from the sky unfurl'd
Shall wave in tranquil triumph o'er the world.

THE AMREETA,

OR

DRINK OF IMMORTALITY.

[This poem professes to be little more than a paraphrase of the last note to Southey's "Curse of Kehama," to which the reader is respectfully referred. It may be cited as a specimen of the wild and whimsical legends which are so profusely scattered through the mythological writings of the East, in which fetterless fancy pays little regard to the consistency of judgment.]

I.

On Mount Meru—whose top sublime
Knows not the stealthy step of time,
Around whose form, for ever bright,
Is thrown a radiant robe of light,
Whose brilliant diadem
Of many a glittering gem
Is with th' eternal glory blended,
Where human thought has ne'er ascended—
In deep debate
The hosts of heaven in council sate.

II.

Each sinless *soor*,[1]
Spotless and pure,
Bent all his mighty powers of mind
The much desired drink to find;
And every soul
Seem'd burning with an inward fire,—
A deep, absorbing, fix'd desire
To seize the bowl,
To quaff the nectar, and for ever be
Clothed with immortality.

III.

Narayan first the silence broke,
And to creating Brahma[2] spoke:
"With a mountain stir the ocean;
'Mid its raging, wild commotion,
In its billows you shall see
The drink of immortality."
The god consented, and at his command
The soors went forth, a potent, heavenly band,
And call'd from *padalon's*[3] hot floors,
To aid their work, the curst *asoors*.[4]

IV.

Frowning in the distance, far
Above the clouds, stood Mount Mandar;
Yet in the depths profound of earth
That lofty mountain had its birth.
The king of serpents went, by Brahma told,
And tore the mountain from its giant hold,
And to the ocean's side
With his vast load he hied,
While soors and asoors, in expectant mood,
Around him stood.

V.

The tortoise-king stood
In the depths of the flood,
And on his back the pond'rous weight bore up,
While the serpent-king wound
His soft folds around
The monster-mountain, like a pliant rope:
In combination strong
They ranged themselves along;
Each spirit show'd himself intent to be
The first in gaining immortality.

VI.

And as they drew the serpent out,
A cloud of smoke
Upon them broke;
The hurricane-wind and the flashing flame
From the dragon-mouth of the monster came,
And play'd about
The pure and heavenly band
That stood upon the strand,
And lick'd the shore
That answer'd to the troubled ocean's roar.

VII.

The flame leap'd to the side of the mountain,
And herb and flower
And woody bower
Threw their blaze high
To the lurid sky;
And the bubbling fountain
Hiss'd as it threw its waves away
In misty spray;
And round the lofty pyre
Were spread the dazzling wings of fire.

VIII.

Then came a stormy cloud,
And on the conflagration, raging loud,
Its dashing torrent fell;
And the juice of the herb and the sap of the tree
Floated downward to the sea,
And mingled with its swell.
This was the *amreeta* pure,
For which many a soor
From age to age had heaved a sigh,—
The drink of immortality.

IX.

The scathed mountain still was turn'd,
And, as they churn'd,
The moon, with her soft, silvery beam,
Forth issued from the stream;
The goddess Fortune, from her lily throne,
Came out; then the divine,
Enlivening spirit of wine,—
And in their course
Follow'd the snow-white horse;
All bent their footsteps upward to the sun.

X.

Then came a spirit with th' amreeta drink;
And as he stood upon the brink,
And slowly lifted up
The precious cup,
The asoors claim'd it as their due,
And quickly to their weapons flew:
Narayan, stooping low,
Stood mid the tumult, in a beauteous form,
As the bright bow
Plays on the frowning visage of the storm.

XI.

Before his smile
The cloud of battle floated back awhile;
And, in the contest, from the hand
Of Narayan the heavenly band
Received the precious cup,
In which was all their hope,
To slake their burning thirst—
And for a moment all was still;
But ere the spirits had their fill,
The asoors like a tempest on them burst.

XII.

Onward with a cry they went,—
And in their wild, discordant yell,
It seem'd as though the voice of hell
And all the damn'd were blent.
Forward their course they wended,
And, like a storm, descended
To sweep the earth, to crush and break,
With brand and stake,
And, shouting, long and loud,
Press'd on th' infernal crowd.

XIII.

Then from the sun
Narayan call'd his weapon down—
Lovely, yet terrible to view,
The *sheckra*[5] through the inane flew.
The asoors admire
The dreaded instrument of burnish'd fire;
And, as they gazed, the lambent flame
Slowly to Narayan came,
Who seized it in his mighty hand,
And dash'd it at th' affrighted band.

XIV.

Forth it leap'd,
And o'er the earth in terror swept:
It tore, and burn'd, and crush'd a path,
As through the asoors it rush'd in wrath.
Awhile 'twould shoot on high,
And flash across the sky,
And then 'twould drop from heaven,
And run along the ground like liquid levin,
And lap the blood
That on the ground in stagnant puddles stood.

XV.

With tree and rock,
And dreadful shock,
The asuras in their desperation rush'd,
And would have crush'd
The purer spirits in the fight;
And with superior might
They tore the lofty hills asunder,
And dash'd them to the earth with thunder.
But in a moment all the hellish host
Were in a shower of golden arrows lost.

XVI.

O'erwhelm'd with fright,
The evil spirits turn'd to flight,—
Some threw themselves in the wild commotion
Of the raging, tempest-toss'd ocean;
And others found
Retreat in caverns under ground,
And sought again
The raging pain
Which Fate has doom'd them to endure
For ever and for ever more.

XVII.

Mount Mandar, the monstrous, to its former bed
With songs of rejoicing and praises was led;
The sheckra all harmless in beauty ascended,
And with the warm, light flood of glory was blended:
The thrice blissful spirits, their vast labour done,
Quaff'd free *the amreeta* so painfully won.

Then the suras rejoicing in gladness gave out
The token of triumph, a rapturous shout,
And the sea, and the shore, and the firmament rung,
As the pean of victory by millions was sung.

NOTES.

[1] *Soors*, or *suras*,—good spirits.

[2] *Brahma*,—the Creator.

[3] *Padalon*,—place of final and everlasting punishment.

[4] *Asoors* or *Asuras*,—evil spirits.

[5] *Sheckra*,—the double-pointed instrument frequently seen in the representations of Hindoo idols.

The author would not attempt to add any thing like a "harmony" of the various parts of this narrative. There are many points in it which appear as unintelligible to himself as they will to any of his readers; and which he was unable to render lucid by any translation or paraphrase. For instance: he sees no propriety in having the moon* and the lily throne of the goddess Fortune at the bottom of the ocean; nor does he know any thing more of the "snow-white horse," except that the Hindoos have given him an absolutely unpronounceable name. They are introduced in order to make as complete as possible this paraphrase of the long quotation with which Mr. Southey concludes his NOTES to his admirable "Curse of Kehama."

* See stanza IX.

THE STORM.

[Written during a night-storm, an imitation of the varied sounds of which is attempted in the versification.]

I.

THERE are voices abroad, with weeping and wailing;
The hosts of the tempest and storm are assailing
The dome and the turret, the steeple and tower,
And the rage of their wrath has the sway of the hour.
Hark! how lowly,
List! how slowly,
Moves that spirit-band along
With the muffled music of their song,
As the measured steps of those who tread
To the noiseless mansions of the dead.

In silence all
Stand round the pall;
And now they chant a solemn dirge:
Amid the groan and sigh
The notes come like a swelling surge,
Then in the distance die.

II.

They are out! they are out, in fury and wrath
Wo! wo to him who is found in their path;
The sprite of the tempest, the sprite of the storm,
With their terrible voice and demonlike form!
How dreadful the troop
Such leaders command!
The shriek again—again the whoop—
They 're at hand, they 're at hand!
They come with the drum
Of the low wind's hum.
Hear you the doleful wail
Which rises while the pelting hail

Falls fast like sword-strokes on the warrior's mail
Of triple, temper'd steel!
I seem to feel
Its dagger-coldness at my heart!
From the motley rout
Breaks forth the Babel shout,
While a thousand voices rise
Murmuringly, strugglingly to the skies.
Soft stillness sheds its spell around them:
The chain of silence now has bound them.

III.

Again, again they are free as at first,
The spell is broken, the fetter is burst;
The wind has mounted his lightning-shod steed,
And the noise of the tempest keeps pace with his speed;
The fiends of the air are gibbering around,
While the rack from above sweeps over the ground.

They wrench off the arms of the trees that
are spread
High in the air, leafless, naked, and dead.
Over the waters they turn their race,
And the waves take the stars in their chill-
ing embrace.

IV.

Hark! the sounds of the deep-toned bell
Mournfully, dolefully tell
That out of his prison-chasm in hell
The fiend of *Fire* has fled.
The hosts of the tempest sweep in from
the sea
With the sound of their wild spirit-min-
strelsy;
Gaily, merrily, cheerily,
The dance of the troop is led!
They raise their unearthly anthem higher,
And recklessly rush into the fire:
With invisible hands
They scatter the brands,
And raise their unearthly anthem higher
As their fanning wings buzz round the pyre.

V.

And now, with solemn sound and tread,
The hosts from out the flames are led,
They stripe the dark pall-banner of night
With streaks of the snow's unsullied white.
Wild Anarch revels o'er land and sea
In his undivided sovereignty;
But amid the tumult a sound is heard!
There's a power divine in the terrible word—
JEHOVAH speaks!

LINES

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

How slowly through the distance break
The sounds that tell the midnight hour!
Time, swiftly passing, seems to speak
His warning from yon distant tower;
And to the sadness of his tale
The response is the low wind's wail.

II.

But hark! it is a funeral chime,—
The fleeting moments now have led
The youngest child of father Time,
And laid him with the buried dead:
And who will stand upon the verge
Of that deep grave to sing his dirge?

III.

Midnight! it is that fearful hour.
When, as we learn by nursery lore,
Spirits malign exert their power,
And walk our slumbering planet o'er;
Dark Superstition stoops to hear
Their steps, and quakes with restless fear.

IV.

It is a pleasant hour to think,
When all around is calm and still;
The musing spirit then may drink,
At thought's unfailing fount, its fill:
All nature breathes a harmony
That sets the captive spirit free.

V.

Our quiet village, wrapp'd in sleep,
From its still breast gives not a breath
To tell of those who vigils keep,—
But all is hush'd and calm as death.
The breeze, as it sweeps gently by,
Whispers a mournful lullaby.

VI.

How many a young heart beating there
In airy dreams of pleasure roves,
And, freed from waking pain and care,
Hovers around the form it loves!
Beauty's bright eyes are seal'd in sleep,
While Loves around their vigils keep.

VII.

Yon mountain range, with lofty top,
Throwing its girdle round our earth;
The pensive moon in fulness up,—
To what sweet thoughts do these give birth!
"The milky baldric of the sky"
Can constant themes of thought supply.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LITTLE STRANGER.

If every kind wish were a rose,
And the rose had not a thorn,
Your path through life, with loveliest flowers,
Fair girl, I would adorn.

If every kind wish of the heart
Were a rich and precious gem,
I'd place upon your placid brow
A brilliant diadem.

But flowers may fade, and gems decay,
And earthly joys depart:
One treasure only *will* remain,—
The peace of the pure in heart.

Follow that star!—and when the night
Of this darksome life shall end,
Its pure beam with the light above
Will gently, softly blend.

TO ISABEL.

I.

When in the holy twilight hour,
While pensive and alone,
Fond Memory paints the blissful days
That long have past and gone,
My best affections round them twine,
And fondly linger there,—
Those halcyon days when my young heart
Knew naught of pain and care.

II.

But when the sad and gloomy scenes
That mark'd my earlier life
Start up like phantoms from the dead
To tell the spirit's strife,
I fain would draw about their forms
The dark and hiding pall
Of deep forgetfulness—I would
That it could cover all!

III.

I've seen the light in beauty's eye
Fade as the stars at morn,
And all this lonely heart held dear
Has from its shrine been torn:
The cherish'd ones from whose bright smiles
I drew my earthly bliss,
Have gone to seek in other worlds
For joy not found in this.

IV.

It cannot be that my reft heart
Must always sigh, alone,
O'er pleasures fled, and loved ones dead,
And hours for ever gone;
The cloud that hangs upon me now
Will instantly depart,
When * * * * * * *
* * * * * *

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON MY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

I.

THEY say a dark and murky cloud
  Spread its huge form across the heaven,
From whose dark bosom's deep recess
  The lightnings barbed lance was driven;
That earth was gloomy on the morn
Of that sad day when I was born.

II.

The thunder was the lullaby
  That hush'd my new-born frame to sleep,
And soft as music, on my ear,
  Broke its grum mutterings, loud and deep;
I knew not that the storm, in wrath,
Was dashing o'er its concave path.

III.

Unconscious of my bliss, I lay
Upon the fond, adoring breast
Of her whose heart sincerely loved
The little stranger that she press'd,—
The eloquence of tears that fell,
Spoke of emotions words ne'er tell!

IV.

But since that day, seventeen long years,
With all their troubles, have been told;
The heart that loved me then so well
In Death's embrace is silent, cold—
No longer do I hear the voice
That made my infancy rejoice.

V.

The flowers that strew'd my childhood's path,
Regaling with their rich perfume,
Shed their sweet fragrance, till I learn'd
To love them, and then ceased to bloom.
My hopes have faded, friends have gone,
And I am left almost alone.

VI.

O! may the sun of future years
  Dispel the clouds that shade the past,
Gilding the course before me, make
  The brightest of my days the last!
That when the storm of passion 's o'er,
My bark may gain a peaceful shore.

SONNET.

On the lucid lake's expanse
The fairy moonbeams gently dance;
Many a light skiff, gliding o'er
Its bosom, skims from shore to shore;
And beauty in the "bonnie boats"
On the transparent surface floats.
List! as they swiftly speed along
Sweet lips breathe out the words of song:
    The clear sky is o'er us,
    And pleasure before us,
And quickly our gay hearts are beating;
    But music and mirth—
    All the pleasures of earth
Are like dreams of the night, and as fleeting.

POLLOK.

Bard of the harp divine, whose lofty lays
Have reach'd our ears as snatches of that song
Which makes the seats of paradise harmonious!
Thou! who around the brow of poesy
Didst twine the graceful chaplet of religion,
To what o'erflowing stream of Zion's mount
Did thy young muse conduct thee? or did she
From off the altar nearest to the throne
Seize the live coal to touch thy hallow'd lips?
Why was thy genius shrouded ere its rays
Attain'd their greatest strength? How sad, alas!
That evening shades should blend with morning light!

It seem'd as though thou wert but dropp'd on earth
To sing one song of heaven's enraptured choir.

And glorious was that song! It told the tale,
The varied tale, of this world's history;
Creation's scene described, man's happiness,
His fall, and sin, and misery; it told
The thrilling story of our great redemption.
This done, thine only work on earth was finish'd,
And thy strong harp was tuned to nobler strains
Than our ears ever heard.

We seem to catch
A higher note of praise, struck by the choirs
That shout the anthems of the skies, to hail
Their younger brother. The song raised with us
Shall swell, redoubling through unmeasured space.
When ages shall have roll'd away, on some
High mount in heaven sublime thou 'lt stand
And sing,—not of the passing *course of time*,
But the great *circuit of eternity*.

TO MY MOTHER,

WHO DIED SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1834.

I.

"My mother!" how like music falls
That word upon my ear;
It speaks of one whose tender voice
I never more shall hear;
Of one from whose deep heart gush'd up
Affections warm and free,
Whose bright eyes never beam'd in love
But they were turn'd on me.

II.

I know not but that sainted one
May hover near me now,—
I fancy that I feel her breath
Steal o'er my troubled brow;
That now she dries the flowing tear
With her fond, ardent kiss,
And whispers in my ear those words
Which made my childhood's bliss.

III.

My mother! from thy starlike eyes
I saw the light depart;
Thy last, convulsive kiss, fond one!—
It almost broke my heart:
I saw them lay in the cold earth
Thy loved and graceful form,—
They gave the being I adored
To feast the filthy worm!

IV.

Five years have pass'd, yet still I feel
As on that morn I felt,
When, with a trembling, bleeding heart,
Beside thy bed I knelt,
And held thy wasted hand in mine,
And gazed upon thy face,
On which Death's sentence, deep and dark,
My young heart could but trace.

V.

And since from this reft heart of mine,
Loved one, thou hast been torn,

I've felt the coldness of the world,
  Its haughty, cruel scorn;
Amid deceitfulness and snares,
  And enemies I've trod;
But they have only driven me
  Still nearer to my God.

VI.

My mother! on that glorious morn
  When all the dead of earth
Shall start into eternal life,
  As by a second birth,
May thy redeemed spirit be
  My guardian angel still,
And lead me to the shining hosts
  That throng "the heavenly hill!"

Sunday morning, Jan. 6, 1839.

TO MY SPIRIT SISTER.

THEY tell me thou wert fair and beautiful,
And cherub-like, my sister; that the glance
Of thy meek eye was like the morning light
When first it wakes; and that thy lute-like voice
Spake sweetest melody.

I never saw thee,
Never read the thoughts of infant purity
That flitted, spirit-like, across thy mind,
And painted sweetness in thy pensive eye.
Thy prattle's music tones I never heard;
But they who saw and loved thee oft have told
Me of thy beauty, and I've fondly press'd
A silken tress that swept thy placid brow
To lips that would have told a brother's love
To her who never join'd her brother's sport.

I've wander'd to the little mound of earth
Which marks thy resting place, and cull'd the flowers

There growing wildly: and as I have twined
Them in my mother's hair, a rustic wreath,
Have sigh'd in loneliness,—the only child,—
Alone in all my walks, communing with
My heart and sadness. In the silent hour
Of night, when all was hush'd in deepest sleep,
My little couch held not a slumberer;
But I beguiled my tedious wakefulness
In converse with a spirit-form, whose beauty
Was not of earth, but heaven. When with my books
I 've painted on the page a cherub-face
I call'd my sister's. And so vividly
It smiled, I could have turn'd aside the tress
That threw a mellow shade upon its brow,
And left the warm kiss of a brother there.
But then it fled, and I was sad again.

Thou didst not live, my sister; didst not know
Thy younger brother. Words of thrilling love
Breathed by his lips did never reach thy ear.
But thou didst shed the fragrance of thy love
Around the family-hearth, a summer day,

When He who gave, retook the tender flower,
To bloom in paradise.

My mother used
To tell me, when she took me on her knee,
And kiss'd the tear-drop from my fever'd cheek,
Of the sweet sister that I had in heaven,
And when I died she would be near my couch
To lead me to the bowers of endless bliss.
And wilt thou, unseen sister? or e'en now
Dost thou abide with me, and mark the tear
That dims my eye in calling up a thought
Of my departed mother? Hast thou been
My constant guardian-spirit through my life?
If so, how often hast thou mark'd the cloud
Of sadness gathering deeply on my brow;
Or seen the tear that sprang from sorrow's fount
And down my flush'd cheek traced its heating course;
Or caught th' unconscious sigh that 'scaped my lips
In my disturbed visions; or beheld

Frightful, tumultuous passions wildly rage
Like boiling billows in my fretted heart!

Yet let me feel that thou art with me still,
Cheering and guiding; and whene'er there comes
A shade of desolation o'er my heart,
I will not weep in silence, but will think
That soon in the communion of our souls
We shall be join'd, and yield ourselves to one
Absorbing thought of purity and God,
Whose smiles shed bliss and beauty o'er that world
We shall inhabit through eternity.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

TO *****.

I.

Do you remember how our childhood's hours
Were spent in wand'ring through the forest shade,
Weaving our garlands of the sweet wild flowers
That on the air a pleasant fragrance shed?
And how we sat beside the flowing brooks,
Watching the sun-fish glittering in the stream,
While uncheck'd joy spake in our very looks,
And all was pleasant as an infant's dream:
Do you remember it?

II.

Do you remember our old favourite tree,
Spreading its boughs of foliage thick and dark,

And how you clapp'd your little hands to see
The letters of your name carved in its bark?
And all the sport and cares we had at school;
How long I tarried when you were detain'd;
And when the mistress placed me on the stool,
While others laugh'd and mock'd, how you were pain'd,—
Do you remember it?

III.

Do you remember, too, how many a time
Through the lone churchyard we together trod,—
And the sweet music of the Sunday chime
That call'd the village up to worship God?
How near the altar spot we had our seat,
E'en in the holiest of that holy shrine;
And how we bow'd with awe and reverence meet
Beneath a feeling which we knew *divine*—
Do you remember it?

IV.

Do you remember, too, our fireside meetings,
The many pleasant faces gather'd there,
The words of friendship and the cheerful greetings;
And our "dear grandpa's" high back'd cushion'd chair,
In which he sat, his tender stories telling
To friends that hung upon each moving word,
While in their eyes the quiet tear-drops welling,
Told of the deep effect of what they heard:
Do you remember it?

V.

Do you remember, cousin, the warm tears
You shed while clasp'd so closely to my heart,
And how I tried to sooth your rising fears
On that sad morning when we had to part?

And how I told you all that I had dream'd
In young ambition's most propitious hour,
Of untried heights of Fame, whose summits seem'd
Above the common hopes of men to tower:
Do you remember it?

VI.

Do you remember me, while far away
From all those friends in whom I took delight,
And cherish my remembrance day by day,
And meet me in the visions of the night?
And while I tread temptation's dangerous path,
And see my fond hopes blasted one by one,
Meeting with scorn and frowns, and slights and wrath,
Will you, sweet cousin, love fondly on,
And still remember me?

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

WRITTEN AT SUNSET.

THE day-god is treading
His chamber of rest,
And sunset is shedding
Its light o'er the west;
The clouds are advancing
In gorgeous array,
And bright forms are dancing
The exit of day.

Sweet, sweet are the vespers
That steal on the ear,
And soft are the whispers
Of zephyrs that stir
The delicate flowers,
Whose freshness and bloom
Are filling cool bowers
With richest perfume.

Than this, far more glorious
The last scene of one
Who o'er Death is victorious—
Whose long race is run;
While angels are bringing
His passport along,
And seraphs are singing
His triumphal song.

How splendid the vision
Saluting his eyes!
The pleasures elysian
That throng paradise!
His sun, though descending,
Is gilding the tomb,
And a splendour is lending
To banish its gloom.

WHEN I WISH TO DIE.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

Not when all earth is sleeping,
Wrapp'd in the arms of night,
And friends are vigils keeping
To watch my spirit's flight;
Not when the tempest 's raging,
Not when the winds are high,
And warrior-storms engaging,
Spread darkness o'er the sky;
Not in the field of battle,
Amid the cannon's roar,
When death-shots round me rattle,
Stain'd with my fellow's gore;
Not on the boundless ocean,
When all around is dark,
And when its great commotion
Tosses the fragile bark;

Not where some classic fountain
Rolls its pure stream along;
Not on the vine-clad mountain,
Nor in the land of song,
Wish I to die!

But in the silent even,
When nature 's in repose,
And when the distant heaven
Its brightest colours shows;
When the warm sun is setting
Behind the western skies,
Upon the azure letting
His golden, gorgeous dies;
When the light zephyrs, straying,
Shall kiss my feverish cheek,
And round my temples playing,
In gentle whispers speak;
When softest prayer is hushing
The voice of grief then low,
And one dear being 's brushing
The death-damps from my brow;

When on my ear is falling
Music that calms the breast,
And angel-bands are calling
My spirit to its rest,—
I wish to die!

CANZONET.

WHEN bright stars are gleaming,
And moonlight is streaming,
And beauty lies dreaming
Of pleasure and love;
When the sweet rose that 's growing
By the streamlet is wooing
The night-breeze that 's blowing
O'er field and through grove;
When Care's feverish madness
Subsides, and a sadness
Steals o'er the heart's gladness
To recall I am prone,—
While Memory retraces
The fondly loved faces
Which Time ne'er erases,—
The hours that have gone.

THE MARINER PREACHER'S WISH.

"When I die, I wish you to take me to my own pure salt sea, and bury me; where I have bespoken the sea-weed for my winding sheet, the coral for my coffin, and the sea-shells for my tomb-stone."—*Rev. E. T. Taylor.*

I.

Bury me not where my body shall be
A feast for the reptile's gluttony,
And greedy worms in their revelry
My flesh consume;
For when the gem shall be taken away
To adorn the crown of a brighter day,
I do not wish the casket to lay
In the cold tomb.

II.

When my eyes their vigils shall cease to keep,
And my heart is hush'd in its last, long sleep,
O! carry me to the unfathom'd deep
Of my loved sea:

Let my body lie in its hidden caves,
Beneath the dark pall of its briny waves,
Where many a gentle mermaid laves,
O! bury me.

III.

The sea-weed shall be my winding sheet,
And the coral shall form a coffin meet;
The beautiful shells shall my form secrete,
And the swelling surge
As it dashes proudly toward the shore
With the solemn music of its roar,
On the wings of the whistling winds shall pour
My wild, sad dirge.

DEATH OF SALADIN.

"During his last illness he ordered his winding sheet to be carried as a standard through every street in the city, while a crier went before the person who bore that ensign of mortality, and proclaimed with a loud voice, 'This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East!'"—*Russell.*

I.

How gaily sweep apast the crowds
That throng the spacious streets:
How many a form of loveliness
Th' enchanted vision greets!
We see the bright and joyous eye;
The roseate flush of health;
And equipages roll along
The votaries of wealth.

II.

But lo! the standard-bearers bring
A broad ensign unfurl'd!
Announces it the advent of
The conqueror of the world?

There is not on its drapery
The emblazonry of gold,—
It has no hostile motto wrought
Upon its ample fold!

III.

That spotless sheet has never been
Amid the battle's stroke,
Nor floated on foul Slaughter's breath,
'Mid wreaths of sulph'rous smoke!
It never wafted to the breeze
The last sigh of the dead,
Nor waved, as if in triumph, o'er
The haughty victor's head!

IV.

See how it stops the jostling crowds—
How hush'd the busy hum,
As onward with that broad ensign
The standard-bearers come!
Hark! as across the thronged mart
Their onward course they wend,
A single voice the silence breaks,
While all around attend:

V.

"Saladin dies! Saladin dies!
The mighty conqueror,
The dreaded terror of his foes,
The thunderbolt of war—
Whose valour and whose fame is spread
The eastern countries o'er,
Whose name the word of power hath been
Along Judea's shore!

VI.

"Though kings and mighty men have bow'd
Beneath Saladin's power,
He too, at length, in weakness meets
The inevitable hour:
Of his great treasures by the hand
Of death he is bereft—
This sheet, this winding sheet, is all
To great Saladin left!"

VII.

If, then, a shroud is all we have
To wrap our cold clay in,
Why is the history of man
But one foul blot of sin?

Why should he through ambition make
A thousand hearts to groan,
Or wade through seas of blood to sit
A moment on a throne?

TO * * * * * *.

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT CAUSES DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS?"

I.

To trace in remembrance the spell
Of a witchery thrilling and cherish'd,
While the sighs of the burden'd heart tell
That the spirit which wrought it has perish'd;
To sit from the giddy apart,
To list to the gay and the cheerful,
While the thoughts that well up in the heart
Make the visage of sadness more tearful;

II.

To enthrone one you love, as divine,
In the heart, to rule every emotion,
And bow at that altar and shrine,
With the heart's fondest, wildest devotion;
Then to find that the being you love
Is unworthy your heart's precious off'ring,
Or in sorrow and sadness to prove
That she turns from the gift you are
proff'ring;

III.

To have o'er the memory come
Some cherish'd and dearly loved token
Of the bliss of our childhood and home,
And hearts that once loved us now broken;
Of a childhood whose bright dreams are past,
Of a home where such visions first found us:
O! these are the thoughts that can cast
The mantle of sadness around us.

MASSACRE AT SCIO.

[Written at the request of a friend, after reading the description of Scio, in the agreeable "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, &c."]

THE morning rose on Scio's isle,
As soft as a maternal smile.
In the recess of shady bower
The blushing rose and perfumed flower
Threw up their fragrance on the air,
Which whisper'd softest music there.

That lovely island seem'd to lave,
A Naiad, in the ocean wave,
Its shore begirt with whitening foam,
Like sea-gulls gathering to their home;
And lightly on the polish'd rock
That never knew the billow's shock,
Sprang up, in sport, the sprinkling spray,
As though in joyance it would play

With boughs which, from the steep cliff's
head,
Shed dew-tears on the ocean-bed,
While sunlight o'er its thinness threw
A rainbow robe of varied hue.

Embower'd, the town in beauty lay
Beneath the genial warmth of day,
As wearied infant sinks to rest
Upon its mother's loving breast.
And there were halls where beauty bright
Had chased the ling'ring hours of night;
And there were gardens, in whose shade
The pensive lover oft had stray'd,
Where childhood's gladsome notes had rung,
And sweetest flowers their odours flung:
Where bubbling fount threw up its spray
To sparkle in the sunlight's ray.

That morn the young were talking o'er
The pleasures of the night before:
They dwelt beneath the sway of love
In that enchanted Eden grove:—
All was as still, and soft, and sweet
As when young lips in passion meet.

But suddenly a battle-shout
From hosts of demon-lips rang out;
The isle shook 'neath the cannon's roar
Which fell like thunder on its shore;
And soon on hill-top height was seen
The burnish'd crescent's dreaded sheen.

"Allah-il-Allah! God is high!"
O! Heaven, how piercing was that cry!
"Fire! strike and slay! God's curse remain
On dastard soul that dare refrain!
Strike! for the Moslem banner's fame!
Strike! in the holy prophet's name!"

'Mid that tumultuous paynim rout
A conflagration's flame broke out;
The fire swoop'd from the terrace high,
And drank the gurgling fountain dry,
And scatter'd through the parched bower
The charred tree and wither'd flower.
Through curling blaze and cloudy smoke
Fell thick and fast the falchion's stroke.
No one opposed—like simoon-breath
The Turks breathed slaughter, flame, and death.

Young hearts were broke, and bright eyes
dead;
And beardless boy and hoary head
Fell 'neath the bloody scimetar,
Crush'd in the heavy onset's jar,
And mothers, stain'd with infant gore,
In phrensy hasten'd to the shore,
And plunged into the opening flood
Which shrank from the embrace of blood.

The morn arose again,—and all
Was still in rifled fane and hall.
The island lay, without a breath,
Like infant sweetness, hush'd in death;
And Desolation fix'd his throne,
To reign in selfishness alone.

A curse rests on the bloody Turk,—
His stained falchion, sabre, dirk!
A God of justice will repay
The infernal horrors of that day,
And Moslem power regret too late
Unhappy Scio's wretched fate.

TO A COMET.

I.

What art thou, flaming visiter,
That flashest o'er the sky,
Streaming along its azure blue
Thy frightful, bloody die?
At what eternal, distant fire,
Dost light thy blazing torch?
Or hast thou, in thy flaunting trail,
The power to burn and scorch?

II.

Dost thou presage some coming ill,
Or desolation dire?
Or writest on the firmament,
In characters of fire,
The dread approach of him we call
The fiend insatiate, Death—
Who breathes through thee, his messenger,
A hot and withering breath?

III.

Art thou the prison-house of them,
The damned souls, who dwell
In torment which we can't conceive,
But speak of, as a HELL?
Dost drop them into liquid fire
To writhe in untold pain,
That dashest to the coldest point
Of the "intense inane?"

IV.

Or art thou but a vapour-wreath,
Floating along the sky,
And coming to our sight awhile,
We know not whence, nor why?
Or dost thou weave a graceful dance
Through worlds of splendour bright,
Which seem to human eyes to gem
The diadem of night?

V.

Thou art a thing surpassing strange,
And He who made thy form
To gleam amid the light of stars,
And ride above the storm;

Who rear'd on the confines of space
A temple for thy rest,
Of all the wise the Wisest is,
Of all the good, the Best.

STANZAS,

FOR MUSIC.

I.

O! WHO that has seen all the hopes of his heart,
Like the splendour of sunset from darkness depart,
Or stood in the silence of grief by the dead,
When the light that illumed the loved visage had fled;

II.

Or felt o'er his spirit despondency come,
With the fond recollections of childhood and home,
In this desolate desert could wish to remain
For ever, surrounded by sorrow and pain?

III.

This earth is a wilderness, darksome and lone,
Where the flow'rets we cherish'd have wither'd and gone;
Where the stars have all faded that once cheer'd its gloom,
And the heart knows no resting-place, save in the tomb.

IV.

Let us pierce through the cloud with Faith's eagle-like sight;
And if those we have loved in the gloom of earth's night,
Like the stars at the waking of morn, pass away,
They live in the brighter effulgence of day.

GOD.

His power!—a word, and from the deep
The earth, with beauty rife,
Shook off the incubus of sleep,
And started into life.

He spake: and radiant floods of light
Came streaming o'er its gloom,
And sweetest flowers spread to the sight
The richness of their bloom.

It measured out the billowy sea,
It piled the mountains high;
His power has caused the stars to be,—
'Tis written on the sky.

His voice!—when gently breathes the morn,
The voice of God is there;
Its accents, too, are softly borne
Upon the evening air.

The deep-toned cadence of its wrath
Speaks in the thunder's roar,
When strides the storm-sprite o'er his path,
And shakes the trembling shore.

But O! its deepest melody
Breaks on the troubled soul
When first it sets the spirit free,
And makes the wounded whole.

His presence!—if there were a spot
Of earth, on which we dwell,
Where it were said that God is not,
That spot would be a hell.

His presence fills the highest heaven
With its supreme delight,
And from his dazzling throne is given
The glory of its light.

Creation quakes beneath his frown,
Worlds fly before his nod;
The boundless universe must own
The presence of its God.

SONNET.

THERE comes from the deepest recess of the sea,
The voice of a sweet and a soft melody;
It sweeps o'er the lawn, and it broods o'er the stream,
And gently reposes upon the moonbeam.
The wild flower, so tender, scarce yields to its tread,
It seeks the sweet rose-leaf, and makes there its bed,
It kisses the dew from the light blade of grass,
And mingles its notes with the winds as they pass.
The hues of the bubble which springs from the wave
It sports with, and seeks in the streamlet to lave;
It floats on the bright clouds that curtain the west,

The deep-toned cadence of its wrath
Speaks in the thunder's roar,
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It kisses the dew from the light blade of grass,
And mingles its notes with the winds as they pass.
The hues of the bubble which springs from the wave
It sports with, and seeks in the streamlet to lave;
It floats on the bright clouds that curtain the west,

And sinks with the sun in the ocean to rest.
The song which it breathes is the sweet
song of bliss,
"Praise be to the God who made beauty
like this!"

MUSIC.

I.

THERE 's music in the morning's breath,
The soft and balmy air,
Which plays with gentleness upon
The forehead dark with care;
There 's music in the vesper's voice,
When slowly fades the light,
And in the solemn stillness of
The holy hour of night.

II.

There 's music in the wild wind's rush,
And in the raging storm,
When the spirit of the tempest shows
His dark and awful form;

There 's music in the thunder-clap,
And in the dreadful crash,
Which marks the desolation of
The vivid lightning's flash.

III.

There 's music in the breeze that sighs
Along the lonely shore,
And still more deep-toned music in
The troubled ocean's roar;
There 's music in the worlds that roll
In silence through the sky,
"Unwritten" though that music be,
'Tis sweetest melody.

IV.

There 's music in the thrilling laugh
Of cheerful infancy,
Which bursts from its enraptured heart,
Engaged in joyous glee;
There 's music—melting, soft, and sweet—
Breathed by a kind friend's voice,
Whose words fall soothing on the ear,
And make the heart rejoice.

V.

There 's music in the voice which speaks
The vows of ardent love,
Those words which would not soil the lips
Of holy saints above,—
The deep, impassion'd, thrilling tones
Which tell of rapture's height,
And pour into the ravish'd heart
Ineffable delight.

VI.

There 's music in the mother's plaint,
Though it be sad and wild,
When bending o'er the lifeless form
Of her beloved child;
There 's music when the spirit, bow'd
Beneath affliction's rod,
Submissively pours forth its prayers
Before the throne of God.

VII.

There 's music when the good man is
About to meet his fate,
To find the full fruition of
A far more blissful state;

'Tis music such as earth ne'er heard,—
The high, the swelling hymn,
Which stirs the harp, and tunes the voice
Of holy cherubim.

MUSIC,

AGAIN.

WRITTEN WHILE UNDER EXAMINATION FOR MY FIRST DEGREE.

A SAGE of old, in fancy's flight,
Conceived that every star of night
Breathed out a sweet and joyous song,
As in its course it danced along.

And every poet, too, has sung
Of little harps by fairies strung,
Which, while the pigmy elfins finger'd,
Music round their revels linger'd.

What love-lorn swain has never stray'd,
Lonely and sad, through forest-glade,
And almost wept when he has heard
The warble of some songster-bird?

Who has not felt his heart rejoice,
When list'ning to the thrilling voice
From lips of richest ruby given,
Which seem'd to breathe some song of heaven?

But there 's a note, of all most sweet,
With joy and happiness replete;
And often on my ear it streams,
Like melody in blissful dreams.

O! if there be in joy gradation,
This is of bliss the consummation,
To hear "*hocce diploma*" given
In tones which make the student's heaven.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

THERE is a holy language—and it speaks
Softly and low in all the lovely things
God hath created.

Tenderly it breathes
In every melody whose echo wakes

Responsive memory in the heart, and tunes
And thrills the deep-toned lyre of the affections.
It whispers in the zephyr's breath, and rests
Like softest slumber on the woody bower.
It glitters in the dew-drop, and it lisps
In the low murmur of the little stream
That gurgles o'er its pebbly bed; and plays
On the bright beam which paints the rainbow's arch.
It may be read on the clear lake's expanse;
And God hath written it in characters
Bright as the stars, on the unruffled sky.
The silvery cascade speaks it, and its notes
Are even mingled with the solemn sound
Of the majestic river. Gently breathes
Its voice upon the flowret, and it stirs
Th' innumerous leaves that make the forest's shade.
Nature 's a volume, on whose every page
'Tis penn'd and pencill'd by the Author's hand.

It plays like music round the mother's heart,
In the glad laughter of her cherish'd child:

It gently beams in Friendship's placid eye,
And gushes warmly from the heart that bows
In adoration at the hallow'd shrine
Of Virtue, when she holds the fane of beauty.
The spirits that surround our mundane sphere
Speak its pure accents; and it sweeps the lyre
Of many a cherub, as the song of praise
Goes thundering up from the whole universe,
And shakes the dome of heaven. That language is
The voice of love.

And why do men so oft
Mar the sweet spirit of harmony which rests
Softer than moonlight on our earth, and fills
The blissful bowers of heaven? Still the foul tongue
Of Slander will produce discordant notes,
And Envy's hissing drown "the voice of love!"

"I HAVE NOT LIVED IN VAIN."

(LAST WORDS OF TYCHO BRAHE.)

I.

'Twas the holy hour of night,
For rest to mortals given,
And the stars, with their mild and pensive light,
Illumed the face of heaven.

II.

To the echo of the surge
The low night-breezes sung,
As they struggled along the calm lake's verge,
The willow-boughs among.

III.

The moon-light, soft and pale,
Like a guardian-spirit lay
On the mountain top and lowly vale,
With its gentle, silvery ray.

IV.

While happy, dreamy rest,
Woo'd the world to repose,
The angel of death shook a noble breast
With its strong, convulsive throes.

V.

A sage, almost divine,
In the evening of a life
Spent in devotion at Nature's shrine,
Engaged in the fatal strife.

VI.

The tide of his life was low,
The sands were well nigh told,
And there settled upon his lofty brow
The death-damps, thick and cold.

VII.

They threw the casement high,—
His heart beat quick again,
And he cried, as he gazed on the starry sky,
"I have not lived in vain!"

TO ******.

I.

When beauty's eyes beam brightly
  Amid the joyous throng,
And fairy forms float lightly
  To thrilling notes of song;
When the full stream of gladness
  From lips of ruby flow,
Why does a cloud of sadness
  Steal o'er thy manly brow?

II.

Perhaps a light word spoken
  Unconsciously, calls up
A tender tie now broken—
  Some crush'd and blasted hope;
Or music o'er thee stealing
  That sadness may impart,
And show some subtle feeling
  Long cherish'd in the heart.

III.

'Tis thus we must be sighing
O'er treasures that have fled,
O'er pleasures that are dying,
And joys for ever dead;
Though Hope has been deceiving
As early morning dreams,
She 's still, we are believing,
As lovely as she seems.

TO THE WHITE ROSE,

THE BADGE OF THE UNION PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF DICKINSON COLLEGE, WORN ON THE LEFT ARM ON PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

I.

Rose of my love! unsullied flower,
In many a bright and joyous hour
I've bound thee fondly to my arm,
A lovely and a potent charm.

II.

Rose of my love! in darkest hour
I've felt th' influence of thy power,
And thoughts of spotless purity
Are ever link'd with thoughts of thee.

III.

Rose of my love! may no vile worm
Entwine its folds around thy form;
And may thy leaves of spotless white
Be far from stain, as day from night.

IV.

Rose of my love! I can but sigh,
And pray, as now I lay thee by,
That genial warmth, and pleasant showers,
May *keep* thee sweetest of all flowers.

V.

Rose of my love! in ebb and flow
Of joy, my heart delights to know
That on my path through life was born
At least *one* rose—without a thorn.

VI.

Rose of my love! when chilling Death
Shall freeze my heart with his icy breath,
I would have thee then, companion meet,
Wrapp'd in the folds of my winding sheet.

VALEDICTORY ODE,

SUNG AT THE PARTING OF THE LATE SENIOR CLASS OF DICKINSON COLLEGE, JULY 11, 1839.

AIR,—"When shall we meet again."

I.

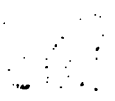
CLASSMATES! we part to-day—
Though we endeavour
To drive our gloom away
At parting for ever,
Yet each warm, youthful heart,
Too keenly feels the smart,
For we meet, when we part,
Never! no, never!

II.

Should we ne'er tie again,
Gently around us,
The wreath of Friendship's chain
Which long has bound us;
Should we in future hear
Those voices, once so dear,
Come stealing on the ear
Never! no, never!

III.

Yet as we now must part,
And strong affections sever,
Be this, of every heart,
The warm prayer for ever,
That we may meet in life
Long years with sorrow rife,
And passion's stormy strife,
Never! no, never!

IV.

And when our life is o'er,
May the dear Savior
Bring us to that blest shore
Where bliss reigns ever,—
Where with angelic choirs
We, too, shall sweep our lyres,
With ecstasy which tires
Never! no, never!